Volume LXXXIV CHICAGO, September 11, 1919 Number 2

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

THE INWARD WITNESS OF GOD.

"Where is your God?" they say:
  Answer them, Lord most Holy!
Reveal Thy secret way
  Of visiting the lowly:
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
  Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
  Of silent high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
  Or bursting frown of thunder:
Come in the viewless form
  Of wakening love and wonder;—
Of duty grown divine,
  The restless spirit, still;
Of sorrows taught to shine,
  As shadows of Thy will.

O God! the pure alone,—
  E'en in their deep confessing,—
Can see Thee as their own,
  And find the perfect blessing:
Yet to each waiting soul
  Speak in Thy still small voice,
Till broken love's made whole,
  And saddened hearts rejoice.

—*Anonymous.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 19
The Fool's Paradise.—FRANCIS NEILSON..... 21

CONTRIBUTED—
Whatsoever a Man Soweth.—ALBERT J. NOCK... 24
The Roll Call at Versailles.—GEORGE NASMYTH.. 25

SELECTED—
Famous Advocates of Free Speech.—*John Haynes Holmes* 30
Prayer Before Sermon.—*Rev. V. T. Pomeroy*.... 26

THE PULPIT—
The Besetting God.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES..... 26

POETRY—
The Inward Witness of God.—*Anonymous*..... 17
In Memory of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.—JOHN N. DAVIDSON 19
The Price of Empire.—*James C. Welsh*..... 23

THE FIELD—
Professor Gaston Bonet-Maury. — CHARLES W. WENDTE 31
Church Attendance in England.—*Harry Foster Burns* 31

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

EDITORS

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON
JOHN MORRIS EVANS

ASSISTANT EDITOR

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1. March 1, 1878. No. 1.

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
James Waldo Fawcett
Zona Gale
Emil G. Hirsch
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
George Grover Mills
George W. Nasmyth
Susan M. Quackenbush
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
James H. West

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in
HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM—DOMESTIC
COAL
TELEPHONE WABASH 5028
Main Office:
28 E. Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.
PRINTERS and BINDERS
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

Sample Copies of UNITY
Sent Upon Request

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1919 NUMBER 2

IN MEMORY OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Because he lived the world has more of faith.
In some, the ancient creeds had found no place;
God seemed a dream; and, like a threat'ning wraith,
Dark unbelief showed only death's cold face.
This seer, this visioned prophet, brought God near
To doubting souls; and taught men faith, not fear.
He showed—what help that wondrous saying gives!—
The letter killeth but the spirit lives.

Because he lived the world has more of hope.
"'The best is yet to be, the best of life,'
And life is good." As men in caverns grope
Until the guide appears, he showed that strife,
Revenge and hate, and war, must pass away.
He hailed the morning of a better day.
And if a cloud showed distant storm begun,
He knew the earth needs both,—the rain, the sun.

Because he lived the world has more of love.
He saw it chiefly in the manly form
That men call justice. The aggressive shove,
The push that thrusts from shelter into storm;
The cruel contests that beat down the weak
When strong men privilege and position seek,
With might of muscle, brawn, or brain and nerve,
First place in wealth and power, but not to serve
Their fellow-men or God,—that service one,—
These deeds, and men's plain duty left undone,
Aroused in him a great heart's generous ire.
Let that flame burn; it is a cleansing fire!

So lived this Paul, apostle of our day,
Who taught us to believe, to love, to pray.

JOHN N. DAVIDSON.

Just one year ago at this time, passed from this earth the beloved spirit of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. How one wishes that he might be "living at this hour," if only to witness the vindication of the pacifist ideas and ideals for which he fought so gallantly and suffered so cruelly in his last days. Mr. Jones died at the darkest hour of the Great War—when the destruction and horror of the conflict had reached the flood, when cessation of the struggle still seemed remote, when the incredible conscription of American manhood had been extended to the forty-fifth year of age, when political tyranny and espionage were banishing every last vestige of liberty, and when hatred, bitterness and persecution were everywhere rampant. Within two months of his death the armistice was signed, and there began that process of clarification and disclosure, which has put the War party to confusion, and tragically justified the pacifists. The causes of the War, the character of the War, the inevitable outcome of the War, the whole material and moral problem of war in general, all this Mr. Jones, like his fellow pacifists, read aright. Would that he might have lived to see this vindication! And yet perhaps he is the favored of us all, for this vindication has brought us at bottom not comfort, but torture. The action of President Wilson in Paris would have shocked and grieved him—the slow but sure discrediting of the Allied cause, and with it such few hopes as were left to humanity, would have broken his heart! But if not for himself, then surely for us, should he be "living at this hour," for America today "hath need of (him)," as the England of Wordsworth's day had need of Milton. What battles would he now be fighting with voice and pen for free Russia, for the recovery of Shantung, for the rights of Irishmen, for the defence of Negroes, for the cause of labor, for the release of political offenders, for the restoration of civil liberties, for freedom of conscience and the soul, for the defeated but still living faith of unity among the nations. The loss of one such warrior of the spirit at such an hour as this, is irreparable. And yet, is it true that he is lost? Is he not still living with the thousands whom he taught and inspired in his life-time? Are there not hundreds now fighting in the battle-front whom he first led and placed there? Has his soul not become as it were "a good diffused, and in diffusion ever more intense?" He is not dead! He "live(s) again in lives made better by (his) presence." He speaks again in "that choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world."

Of all Mr. Jones's multifarious interests, none was nearer to his heart than UNITY. For the strengthening of all our hearts, we reprint herewith a letter written in March, 1911, to one who had sent him an unrestricted gift of money:

> There are many places where I could put money to immediate use, but I am half inclined to think I will be loyal to my dream, and will put your dollars into the Unity Endowment Fund, which has already known your generosity. . . . Not the Lincoln Centre, happy as I am in it, but UNITY which stands for ideas, and the place and power of "The Word," is the best representative of my own purpose in life, and hope for continuation in the world after death. So I am going to keep after it, believing that eventually I can complete the Thirty Thousand Dollar Fund that will remain after we are gone, to encourage the propagation of ideas, to perpetuate and to promulgate the liberty of thought, and to continue its protest against conventionality and tyranny in some form or another.

Opponents of universal military training should keep clearly in mind the fact that there are two distinct plans in Washington for the foisting of Prussianism upon America. One is the plan of Secretary Baker, an official once denounced as a "pacifist," which provides for a huge standing army of 576,000 men, with military training for all young men dur-

ing a three months' period. The other scheme is the one persented in the so-called Chamberlain-Kahn bill. This provides for a small regular army, sufficient only for necessary police duty, and universal military training for all youths at the age of eighteen or nineteen, for a period of six months. Both plans are abominations—deliberate attempts to resurrect the dead Prussianism of Germany within the confines of America. It is fortunate, however, that they are presented together, for they represent a division of the military forces which promises to be fatal. Champions of Secretary Baker's scheme denounce the Chamberlain-Kahn bill as a conspiracy of American Huns, and champions of the latter scheme return the compliment. Under such circumstances, there is nothing for the plain citizen to do but declare that they are both right, and have nothing to do with either. Incidentally this feverish fight over regular armies and universal military training schemes sheds revealing light on what our legislators think about the work of President Wilson and the Paris Peace Conference. In spite of all the fine phrases about Leagues of Nations, etc., these men seem to feel that we are living in the same old world, after all.

The fight against universal military training is certain to be long and bitter. The division of those in favor of the general plan seems to forecast its defeat. So also does the spreading popular disgust with war and all the things that have to do with war. Three out of every four members of the A. E. F. are saying "Never again!"—and are ready to array themselves against any scheme which has for its objective the extension of militarism. Labor can be counted upon to throw the weight of its influence against both Secretary Baker and the Chamberlain-Kahn bill. The June issue of *The American Schoolmaster* gives gratifying evidence that the school teachers of America understand the issue. "Big business," it says, "wants universal compulsory military training and the jingo spirit it fosters, as a means to securing its own artificial interests, if not to bring about another golden age of excessive profits coined of the blood of 'patriotic' Americans. . . . (But) we teachers of the nation want no universal military training." All things considered, the signs look propitious for the defeat of the Prussian bureaucrats in Washington. But we must not be lulled into inactivity by such good omens. The militarists are well organized in Security Leagues, Defence Societies, and other patrioteer and profiteer groups; they have plenty of money; and at the last moment may make a "drive" which will carry a doubtful cause to victory. The liberals must be equally vigilant, and equally well organized. To this end, *join the American Union Against Militarism, Charles T. Hallinan, Secretary, Westover Building, Washington, D. C.—membership, $1 a year!* This organization gives its members information, tells what they can do to help, and mobilizes their influence in opposition. Every reader of UNITY should belong to the Union!

Re-education of country clergymen, to enable them to cope with post-war problems, is planned by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, according to recent announcements. Ten thousand dollars has been set aside for expenditure for this purpose in 1920. The Methodists, in the van as usual, have undertaken the re-education of their rural ministers this summer, having gathered together some fifteen hundred young men in thirteen different institutes scattered over the country, for special courses in sociology, economics and engineering. All this is excellent; nothing could be better than recognition of the fact that our Protestant clergymen are in need of re-education. But why should this process be limited to rural pastors—and why, above all things else, to young men? We are in favor of including city ministers, and seniors even more than juniors. And we have pretty clear notions also as to the courses of study which we would make "required." First of all, there would be a course on the Teachings of Jesus, with special reference to the Sermon on the Mount. Then would follow a course on the Economics of Early Christianity. Another course would be entitled Religion and the State, with illustrations from the history of Rome and the Christian martyrs. Sermons would be required from every student on these texts, "Resist not evil"; "Love your enemies"; "If thine enemy hunger, feed him"; "He that taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword." And no minister would be allowed to return to his pulpit until he had obtained a rating of not less than 90 per cent in an examination on Morley's "Compromise," Mill's "Liberty," Tolstoi's "My Religion," Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis," Thoreau's "Duty of Civil Disobedience," Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations," Bertrand Russell's "Justice in War Time," Romain Rolland's "Above the Battle," and G. Bernard Shaw's "Preface" to "Androcles and the Lion." The re-education of Christian ministers is a great idea. If the War has given us this, it has been fought not wholly in vain. Who knows, such re-education might conceivably give us a Christian Church!

Whenever we find ourselves shaken a bit in our conviction that our present denominational organizations are hopeless, and look for the cause of the disturbance, we usually discover that it is our Methodist brethren who are at the bottom of it. Here, for

the latest example, is the Centenary Committee of the Methodist Church sending out Charles W. Wood, on a mission which will carry him around the world and keep him busy, perhaps, for the next twenty years. Who is Charles W. Wood? He is first of all a Socialist, an annual political candidate on the Socialist ticket in New York. For several years he was editor of the Schenectady *Citizen,* the Socialist party paper in that city during the Lunn regime. He has been a frequent contributor to the Socialist daily of New York, the *Call;* was an editor of the indicted and suppressed *Masses* and then of its successor, the *Liberator;* is author of "The Great Change," and now of a new book, just announced, called "Hurrah For Sin!" Furthermore, he "is not a church man," but "a rank outsider." And what is the assignment which the Methodist Church has given to this man? "Visit every country on earth, and find out what the people want." That is all—to find out in every part of the world "what the people want." Not what the princes, and bishops, and politicians, and business men want, or think the people want or ought to have, but what the people themselves want! He is to go direct to the multitudes, find out their wishes and determinations, and interpret these as sympathetically as possible to the Methodist Church of America. This is a remarkable event. The conception of the mission reveals at once statesmanship and human sympathy; the choice of the man shows that the Church is not afraid. We salute our Methodist brethren with profound respect. The spirit of the great John Wesley is not dead within them. We have only to try to imagine any other church in America undertaking a scheme of this kind, to realize how far in advance of all the other churches spiritually, is modern Methodism.

It is reported that the W. C. T. U. is organizing a campaign for the prohibition of tobacco. It hardly seems possible that a constitutional amendment banishing "the fragrant weed" could ever be adopted in this country; but we must remember that fifty years ago nothing seemed more improbable than an amendment forbidding the manufacture, sale and use of alcoholic beverages. One thing at least, however, we may say—that if the tobacco trade plays into the hands of the reformers as did the liquor traffic, nothing can prevent the speedy success of an anti-tobacco crusade. No one thing, perhaps, helped along the anti-alcohol prohibition movement so effectually as the utter indifference of the liquor interests, manufacturers and users alike, to ordinary considerations of public decency and order. The saloon it was which did the business! In the same way is the anti-tobacco movement going to gain its initial vitality, and perhaps win its ultimate triumph, from the flouting scorn of the smoker for every right and privilege of the non-smoker. It is almost impossible these days to find a public dining-room which is not made offensive by those who insist upon consuming tobacco with beefsteak and ice cream. One cannot journey on a sleeping-car without meeting the man who cannot dress without a cigarette between his teeth. Nearly all of our vaudeville houses and occasionally some of our first-class theaters permit smoking during performances. That this sort of thing has got to be stopped is obvious enough. We have no love for tobacco, and would not be a particle disturbed if it were sent the way that alcohol has gone. But this we would say to our friends who are smokers: If you want to keep your cigars and cigarettes, see to it that their use is confined to proper times and places!

The Fool's Paradise

It is a relief to know that there is at least one candid American who realizes that most of his countrymen do not know they are living in a fool's paradise. He is unfortunately not in America at present. I say unfortunately, because a man of knowledge and candor is sorely needed here at home, for the purpose of rousing the people out of their apathy towards what is taking place in Europe. Few here seem to realize how serious the situation is. Certainly no one in Washington, so far as we can learn through the usual channels of information, seems to have the faintest conception of the trouble that is brewing in the courts and chancelleries of Europe. While the nation's servants are busy in Congress making attempts in every direction, but the right one, to reduce the high cost of living, we drift, now speedily, down the turbulent waters of old diplomacy, towards the very state of affairs created, over a century ago, by the Congress of Vienna. While the nation's servants in Washington clamor for the information from the Executive, which it was their duty to obtain before this country was engulfed in war, our allies proceed with their work of making the Paris covenant the cruelest joke that has ever been perpetrated in the name of peace. What is the matter with our people? What is the nature of the sleeping draft that they seem to have taken without protest, and who has been crafty enough to concoct and administer it? The fool's paradise in which the opium-eater sometimes dwells, as de Quincey has told us, is one in which only the individual and his family might suffer distressing consequences; and in entering this fool's paradise the individual does so from choice. But the fool's paradise in which we seem to live, cannot truly be said to be one of our choice, for we were drugged

by "pretty platitudes and mazy moral maxims" before we were conscious of its existence.

Last week it was Persia, despite the Paris covenant. This week it is Holland, despite the Paris covenant. Next week it will be Tibet, or some other territorial "arrangement," despite the Paris covenant. And despite the Paris covenant, we shall see, in the next few years, mandatories "arranged" that would make Castlereagh and Metternich blush at their own moderation. And all these things are done while the sentimentalists in Washington are debating the details of the political instrument, which some deluded persons imagine was devised for the purpose of destroying the old diplomacy. Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, was, at any rate, an artistic attempt to sooth the savage breast, but there is no artist in Washington who could even make a pretence at music which would sooth the savage breast of European imperialists. They are out for territory, no matter what it costs in blood, and they mean to have it whether the cost of living in America is high or low, and whether the Paris covenant is ratified by Congress or no.

It is, as I have said, a relief to find an American of knowledge and authority who is bold enough to utter some truths that are particularly unpalatable, at this stage of the proceedings. A dispatch from Paris tells us that Mr. Hoover has directed the attention of our delegates in Paris to the recent monarchial conspiracy which aims at the restoration of the House of Hapsburg. Mr. Hoover says:

> For the United States government to sit by simply and let the Hapsburg representative return to power in Budapest is beyond the endurance of any red blooded American. I don't stand for bolsheviks any more than Hapsburgs, but we don't need to stand for either one, if we could apply any direct action in these crises.
>
> If this thing is allowed in Budapest it is only a matter of a short time when it comes back to Vienna, and then to Berlin. A hundred million Americans came into this war to destroy a system which was personified by two families—the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. We fought the war in vain, if they are permitted to come back. A month hence it will cost bloodshed and human lives to remove Joseph—within five days I believe Joseph will get out if he is told fairly and squarely that he must.

This is to the point, and Mr. Hoover is to be warmly congratulated for his perspicacity and courage. It is one of the most refreshing declarations made in the interest of our people I have come across since the armistice. Mr. Hoover does not mince words, he does not drug us with "pretty platitudes and mazy moral maxims." He, probably, knows enough of the history of European courts and chancelleries to sense all that is meant by the movement to restore the House of Hapsburg. He knows perhaps who put the Bourbons back upon the throne of France. But he may not know that there are pretty strongly organized movements in the courts and chancelleries of our allies to restore other royal houses in Europe. Have we so soon forgotten what happened in Britain, not a year ago, when Lord Milner created a sensation by speaking in favor of the maintenance of the House of Hohenzollern? There is undoubtedly in Britain a very strong undercurrent of feeling in court circles in favor of the restoration of a German monarchy. It is also known that there is in Britain a kind of Russian court, held, of course, in secret. Only a man living in a fool's paradise would dream of believing for a moment that democratic or socialist republics are looked upon with favor by European statesmen and royalty. Only a man living in a fool's paradise would imagine that France would look with favor upon the rise of any true democratic, socialist, or communist government of any importance in Europe. There is a royalty of finance in France which is inter-connected in a thousand ways with the political royalties of Europe, and, as was well-known before this war began, the one set of royalties thrived upon the other. Political France is as tory in inclination as ever Britain was. Therefore, I hold Mr. Hoover to be wise in saying that the United States is in a unique position for making an effective protest against this conspiracy of the monarchists.

Whether it was the protest made by Mr. Hoover, or not, that brought about a speedy change in the intention of the Austro-Hungarian royalists, it is gratifying to find that Arch-Duke Joseph has resigned. But we must not imagine that his withdrawal from the Hungarian Government means that he is any the less the creature of those "international" monarchists, always so busy in the capitals of Europe, who are ready to find kings and princes on the shortest notice for unwary nations. And in this connection we might quote from a leading article in the *Chicago Tribune* which makes light of Mr. Hoover's protest, and seems to give one the impression that many of our editors do not quite understand how deeply these things concern us. The *Tribune* says:

> What we should like to remind Mr. Hoover is that whether Archduke Joseph restores monarchy in Hungary or not is no more our affair than it was Great Britain's affair that Jefferson Davis should be president of the south in '61. It is no more our affair than it is France's or Italy's or Japan's that a Republican should be elected for president of the United States at the next election.

Now if anyone would take the trouble to read the treaties that have been drawn up between Great Britain and France on the one hand, and the United States and France on the other, for the protection of France, it will be found that France is the judge of that momentous question of when she regards her interests to be endangered. Of course, an unprovoked attack by Germany is mentioned, and the phraseology of the treaties, which follows exactly that in the letters exchanged by the French ambassador and Sir Edward Grey in November, 1912, the basis of the understanding which

drew Great Britain into this war, is mere diplomatic jargon, and will be construed when a danger presents itself to fit the diplomatic circumstances. We all should know by this time what these treaties are really worth when the war-cloud lowers. Let us remember quite distinctly the extremely peculiar nature of the "unprovoked attack" which took place in Sarajevo in the summer of 1914.

There is another question to be considered by those who live in a fool's paradise, and it is that of the power of the censorship of the press. What is happening here? Britain has declared that her censors have been abolished, that her press is free, and that the cable may be used without restriction. Bureaus of information have been abolished, for some months now, in Britain and France. Doctored news, deleted paragraphs, and mutilated sentences, are supposed to be things of the past. But to a constant reader of the European papers which reach this country there seems to be something radically wrong with our services. In some way there is still a censor in office who has power to deny to us information which is published broadcast in European journals. Again, in this respect, we are living in a fool's paradise. Consider this question from the standpoint of the nation's servants in Congress, their petitions to the Executive for enlightenment, and their debates on problems that concern the world which, from day to day, they attempt to conduct without essential knowledge. Let us take only a few instances of what has happened recently in the way of publishing news here long after European governments had given it to their peoples. The Turkish secret treaties were published in this country five weeks after they appeared in the British and French newspapers. The British-American treaties with France, providing for the adequate security and protection of the French Republic, were signed on June 28th of this year, and published in European papers on July 4th, but not until three weeks later, after several petitions to the Executive, were they presented to Congress. If this is not an instance of living in a fool's paradise, what is it?

I might add several other instances of this kind, in withholding from the Congress and the people matters of vital concern, since the armistice was signed. Have we forgotten the scandal connected with the publication of the peace terms? Now in all these matters it is futile to blame the makers of the fool's paradise. It is the people who persist in inhabiting that Oriental realm who must take full responsibility for it. They are to blame. They make no protest, seemingly they prefer to remain in a drugged condition. Perhaps they do not want to know, that they are sick and weary of the whole business. Be that as it may. But what is going to happen when those who have any stamina left decide upon another course? What will happen when the more robust some day wake to realize that, while they have been drugged the statesmen of Europe have committed them, by their secret policies, to a second carnival of blood and terror, such as will make this seem a small affair?

For more than a month I have carefully watched news which the American papers have been permitted to publish on affairs taking place in China and Japan, but I have not yet seen any reference made to the way the Chinese are behaving about the Shantung crime. We have not had any details of the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods, no word of the looting of Japanese shops, of the thousands that are deserted, of the huge stock of Japanese goods which the Chinese will not buy. We have not heard how Japanese employers have had to witness the wholesale desertion of their Chinese servants. Why not? The British and the French newspapers published these details over a month ago.

Some day soon the people of this country will realize that there are very stern realities to be faced, enormous international problems to be considered, and that the way back to a temperate and healthy existence is one of many painfully tortuous windings for those who have lived in a fool's paradise.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE PRICE OF EMPIRE.

She sat her doon on an auld tree stump,
The saut tears rinnin' frae her e'e—
"The simmer comes, the harvest comes,
But Jamie comes na' back tae me.

The laverock springs frae his grassy hame,
An' sclim's the blue sky merrily,
His sang comes back an' he comes back,
But only grief comes back tae me."

An' aye she sobbed, an' aye she moaned:
"Oh, wae for war—oh, wae is me,
The King's Empire grows big and wide,
An' buyin' it Jamie had tae dee!

He kissed me yince, he kissed me twice,
He kissed me mair than three times three,
Sayin': "I'll come back when a' is owre,
An' ye'll be bonnie bride tae me."

He praised my lang, black, braided hair;
He praised the glint o' my black e'e;
My rosy cheeks were blooms that grew
For him tae pou, he said tae me.

An' aft when gloamin's velvet feet
Step owre the hill an' 'cross the lea,
It mak's me think him near at haun,
An' love an' Jamie's back tae me.

But aye I wauken wi' a start,
As melts the vision frae my e'e—
The simmer comes, the harvest comes
But only grief comes back tae me!

Oh! that the young should pey the price
Of empire wi' their bluid sae free
That empires grow on women's grief,
An' he comes never back tae me!"

And aye she sits on the auld tree stump,
Wi' heavin' briest an' brimmin' e'e—
"The King's Empire grows big an' wide,
But buyin' 't Jamie had tae dee!"

The Socialist Review. —*James C. Welsh.*

CONTRIBUTED

Whatsoever a Man Soweth

The stucco memorial in Madison Square bears the following inscription, to be read by the thousands who pass by it every day:

The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the earth from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible Government. PRESIDENT WILSON.

We are fighting for a just and lasting peace, and for this we are prepared to make even greater sacrifices than those already endured. LLOYD GEORGE.

What we desire is a lasting peace, yet a lasting peace can only be insured if based on justice and the rights of nations. RIBOT.

This is a war for freedom and for right, a war to enable mankind to enjoy enduring peace in the future. VISCOUNT BRYCE.

We will fight until the hour when the enemy comes to understand that bargaining between crime and right is no longer possible. We want a just and a strong peace, protecting the future against the abominations of the past. CLEMENCEAU.

It is not for martial victory that we fight, but for moral victory. When this war is over, there will be a final and permanent peace for the whole world, and peace will reign in every corner of the planet. VIVIANI.

Such were the published War-Aims of the Allies. These words express spiritual values; and as such, they were accepted by millions of men as representing truths assured of ultimate triumph. For their vindication, men, women and children the world over, bore with unexampled sacrifice; offering up their lives and property and all their natural rights; accepting bereavement and destitution and the renouncement of everything that the slow process of civilization had developed to make life desirable.

Thus the stucco memorial is a monument to the naive faith of human beings, their natural love of right and justice and their wish to make them prevail. It is also, alas! an impressive and sinister reminder of a most egregious betrayal of that faith. Since all those impassioned words were spoken, since the memorial was erected, the peace conference has had its day; the War-Aims of the Allies have been brought to their final proof, and we know now what those words were worth. Nothing like them was uttered at the peace conference. No spiritual values were canvassed there. The immense solicitude, the consideration and careful nursing of humanity's natural instinct for right and justice, vanished at the moment of the armistice. All the pietistic phraseology, all the maxims of lofty, disinterested and Christian sentiment,—who hears them now? They suddenly dropped out of currency, and in their place emerged treaties, secret understandings, the warrants of diplomatic trades and deals spawned long ago in the tepid murk of Foreign Offices and Embassies—with the full connivance of the assiduous maxim-forgers, the purveyors of counterfeit piety and Brummagem humanitarianism, whose words confront the passer-by on Madison Square. The true nature of the conflict then appeared; not as a heroic struggle for liberty and peace, but as a squalid squabble between rival imperialisms, between rival organizations of the spirit of greed, exploitation and enslavement.

And now, precisely as might have been foreseen by anyone, precisely as was foreseen by the few whose counsels the hoodwinked majority despised and rejected, the outraged instinct for justice is everywhere in the world expressing itself in an irruption of savage and dangerous temper. In so doing, it is simply taking itself at the valuation put upon it by the political agents of the exploiting power. They estimated it as a thing to be misled, deluded and confiscated to their own purposes; very well, it will now meet those purposes with purposes of its own. They taught it that democracy and liberty could be vindicated by violence; very well, it has learned the lesson, and now proposes to vindicate by violence its own conceptions and definitions of democracy. They insisted on the high and holy right of Governments to kill their enemies; very well, it will now assume the same right to kill its own enemies on its own account. They insisted on the subordination of conscience to expediency; very well, it will now transfer its allegiance from the sanction of Governments to the sanction of its own collective will. They familiarized it with the principles of conscription and coercion; very well, it will now apply that principle as seems best to itself. They enforced the right of the State to take over all manner of private possessions; very well, it will now do such confiscating in its own behalf as it thinks fit. Mr. Lloyd George quotes the words of Jesus in a Tory Parliament and the House roars with laughter; very well, it recalls the fervent and effective display of high Christian emotion that Mr. Lloyd George and his kind made in their days of bitter need, and decides that if the doctrine of Jesus is only bait for the unwary, it will henceforth do its nibbling with very long teeth.

Thus have spiritual values been discounted almost to worthlessness and the final realities of life been obscured beyond appraisal. The truths assured of ultimate triumph have had their triumph postponed. The impairment of faith in great ideals has indefinitely hindered their realization. Farther than ever are we from the discovery of the ideal life in a deeper and more sincere knowledge of our normal life, in the practice of the will of God on earth. This is the most profound calamity that war brings upon mankind. The physical ravages of war are after all but partial, and limited rather closely to the scope of actual participation; but the whole spiritual attainment and accumulation of the world is undermined and an entire generation is set back upon the weary, distrusted and repugnant task of restoring it.

The task is inevitable because the self-preserving instinct of the race requires it, puts it upon us; and for this task, the weak and easily-discouraged human spirit desires an inspiring and consoling leadership,—and where is this now to be found? Not in statesmen, parliaments, political institutions. Faith in these is gone. Not in the church; for never was there a more egregious failure in responsibility than the Christian church has displayed at a time when all its moral resources should have been drafted against the ignorance and viciousness of the State. Not in orthodox political economy which most obviously has yet to learn the elementary principle of social justice. None of the institutional voices of our society, the press, the pulpit or the rostrum, speak with the tone of masterly sureness; all of them are hesitating, uncertain, uncompelling. Nowhere is it possible to find the guidance we desire except in a return upon the life and words of Jesus Christ; a return upon his few and simple precepts of social doctrine, his method, his staunch individualism. It is time for a new apologetic—

indeed, there should never have been any other, —the apologetic of Christian experience. The practical truths of the Gospel, the precepts set for the conduct of men in society, are not demonstrable, as William Law says, "by the use of lexicons or meditating upon critics" but by the testimony of human experience. They simply *are so;* and whoever will practice them, passing over and disregarding their apparent paradoxes, will discover that he has the whole sum of human experience, positive and negative, behind him. The doctrine is proved by the fact, not the fact by the doctrine. The real proof of the social scheme of Jesus is that it will work; the real apologetic for it is in the experience of those who have tried it. Here is the opportunity of the present time; resolutely disengaging the life and words of Jesus from the gloss of commentators and the "interpretations" of ecclesiasticism, the individual may throw himself upon them and test them by experience. We have tested by experience every other plan and mode of social organization, and we see where they have brought us; it now remains, as a matter of plain good sense, to apply the same test to the plan which comes to us recommended by the one sufficient fact that whenever, wherever, and under whatever circumstances it has been tried, it has invariably worked.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

The Roll Call at Versailles

I was at Versailles when the Treaty of Peace was signed with Germany on June 28th, but what impressed me chiefly, amid all the pomp and ceremony of the Hall of Mirrors, were the people and the social forces that were not represented there.

No representative of **Labor,** that young giant without which no government will be able to reckon in the future, was to be found among all the diplomatic splendor and the glitter of the fashionable world which crowded the Trianon and the courtyard of the Palace of Louis XIV., eloquent with the memories of a former artificial society that had gone forever. The British Labor Party voiced the determination of the world's labor forces when it declared, "The Peace Treaty is not our treaty, and we shall never rest satisfied until it is fundamentally reconstructed. We believe that now the news has come that Germany is determined to sign, this will provide labor in this country with opportunities for creating a clean democratic peace, founded upon justice and fair play all round."

No **Socialists** were there, it goes without saying, unless we count the two German representatives of an ephemeral government set up under external pressure for the purpose of signing the treaty and securing some respite from the starvation and unbearable suffering of the blockade. Yet who can doubt that the policies and attitude of the international socialist forces of the world will have a vital influence upon the international relations of the future.

No **Women** were there in any official capacity to give the moral sanction of this half of the human race, rapidly rising to political power in every country, to a document intended by its authors to last for all time to come.

No representatives of **China,** including one-fourth of the world's population, were present, but their absence was an eloquent witness of the moral revolt of the world's conscience at the injustice of Shantung and of the other secret treaties whose terms were incorporated in the Treaty of Versailles.

No representatives of **Russia** were present, although it includes one-sixth of the earth's surface and one-tenth of the world's population, and its future is intimately bound up with the problem of justice in the social order, and the future of the world's peace.

The representatives of **Germany** were there in the body, it is true, under duress, but Germany's spirit was absent, as the spirit of France was absent when her representatives signed away Alsace-Lorraine in the Treaty of Frankfurt in 1871. If the attempt is made to enforce by military power the economic, social and political injustices of the Treaty of Versailles indefinitely, who is there with eyes of vision that cannot foresee the possibility of a future combination of Germany, Russia and China to right wrongs which shall have become intolerable?

India, Egypt, Ireland and **South Africa** were supposed to be represented by the official delegates of the British Empire, but from the first three, all under martial law, there came across the waters ominous rumblings of coming storms, and the delegate from South Africa appealed to the conscience of humanity against the immoral conditions of the document of revenge, hatred, and future wars which he had just signed.

No representatives of **Hungary** or **Austria** were present, of course, their turn had not yet come for the "impartial justice" which President Wilson had said must be meted out to victor and vanquished alike if the peace of the world is to be secure. But a treaty of violence was being prepared on the same lines as the Treaty of Versailles, for these countries, as the only solution which militarism and orthodox diplomacy could conceive for the complex problems of the region destined, as everyone knows, to be the storm center of Europe in the future as in the past.

The governments of the new or greatly enlarged states of **Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania** and **Jugo-Slavia** were indeed represented at Versailles, but their representatives were evidently very much distraught. Their distraction may have been due to the spectre of the absent representatives of **minorities** of the million Germans, or the six million Jews, or the four million Ukrainians who had been given to Poland, or of the eight German cities and the millions of Hungarians who had been given to Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia, or of the millions of Macedonians and Thracians who had been handed over to the tender mercies of the Serbs. Or their distraction may have been caused by the ultimatum which had just been delivered to them by the Big Four, to the effect that they would not be allowed to sign the Treaty of Versailles, which realized all their imperialistic ambitions, unless at the same time they signed separate treaties guaranteeing the rights of these huge minorities and placing them under the protection of the League of Nations.

The League of Nations was indeed the single element of hope, slender and fragile as it is, in the Treaty of Versailles. The **Democracies** of the world

were not represented by the war governments of Versailles; the Peace of Versailles is not their peace. The diplomats and the imperialists have confronted the **people** of the world by a *fait accompli* at Versailles, and the Treaty of Violence which they have made can be changed in only two ways: by more violence, and revolutions and further wars; or by a peaceful evolution and a process of revision for which the League Covenant opens the way. In its present form the League is a League of Governments: can these Governments recover the moral authority which they have lost at Versailles, or can the League be transformed into a true League of Nations which, by the effectiveness of its action for a true international peace based upon justice and the right of self determination, will command the moral respect of the common people who were *not* represented in the *Galerie des Glaces?* This is the question which I saw reflected in every mirror of the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. GEORGE NASMYTH.

Prayer Before Sermon

Jesus, our Brother dear, speak to us again! Many there are who speak in Thy name, but their voices are not like Thine. The congregations are not astonished at the teaching, nor do the rulers of the people tremble with rage. The prayer Thou gavest to help our simplicity has become a vain repetition, and our sermons are no longer from the hill but only from the narrow vale of tradition, and the multitudes are like sheep having no shepherd, and they are destroyed. Speak to us again! The blossoming earth is being made a wilderness, the pathway of the sea is a treacherous peril, and the face of the heavens is darkened by human hatefulness: And Thou didst once see in the sunlight and the streams and the flowers the angels of God. Speak to us again! We toil and spin, and now fear above all to be poor. We labour from morn to eve, and often wonder why we should spend out best strength for bread. And the city-ways are pressed by weary feet. Many are the houses, and few are the sweet homes. And even the children in the market-place are crying, and their play is disenchanted. Speak to us again! Our goodness has only separated us from the bad, not held us in the embrace of fellowship. And we are very lonely, lonely in our virtue and lonely in our sin. The yoke is hard, the burden is heavy, and the singing stars do not show themselves above the pathway of our duty. Men are laughing only to hide their despair, and women bravely smile to check the fount of tears. Speak to us again! Speak in the words of long ago; speak in the love and venture of our hearts today; speak again, that our folly may become wisdom and our dread may become hope, and our sin may become the love that is for all. Speak again, Brother dear, that we may enter the kingdom of the Father, our Father and Thine. Amen.

—*Rev. V. T. Pomeroy.*

City Temple, London, August 26, 1917.

When we understand each other all in all,
When two friends understand each other after they have misunderstood,
When nations understand each other in peace after they have misunderstood each other in war,
When fathers, mothers, children, friends, people, understand, all understand all,
Oh! that must be heaven—there is nothing beyond.

—*Horace Traubel.*

THE PULPIT

The Besetting God

Sermon Preached February 26, 1905, in All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Thou hast beset me behind and before and laid thine hands upon me. —*Psalms CXXXIX:35.*

In these days in many quarters there is a nervous apprehension lest Deity should be dethroned in the hearts of men. The growth of science is apparent everywhere, but many who would otherwise cordially welcome this growth have a secret dread lest by it the sanctities be desecrated. To many minds the great case now being tried at the bar of human judgment seems to be God vs. Science. The investigator, the student of nature, is frequently summoned to court to answer the question, "Where is thy God?" Even the call to brotherhood is challenged by the creed-guardians, who say, "Morality, fellowship, justice, sympathy, co-operation, yes, all very good, but are you not in danger of leaving out the most essential thing? For without the thought of God in the mind and the love of God in the heart, all these things are vain."

Frequently this anxiety reveals itself in political circles; there is often an attempt to legislate in the interest of piety; to enact God and Christianity into the constitution of state and nation.

The first thing to be said concerning this anxiety about God is that in a sense it is well founded. There is in these modern days a great lessening of reverence for certain creed and form sanctities. Jerusalem is no longer the Holy City to the Jew. The most conservative among Israelites no longer identify the battered walls of their ancient capital with the battlements of the City of God. So the Mighty Potentate of the Christian creed, throned afar, arbitrarily dooming some to eternal perdition, while reserving others for everlasting joy, is no longer a living reality to the multitude who once believed and trembled. The world-making God who in six days brought into being all the hosts of heaven and all living things on land and in water, resting on the seventh, and later repenting of his work and drowning most of it out in a deluge, the angry God, demanding the sacrifice of a more God-like son, and subsequently revealing his will meagerly, to certain peoples only at certain times and in a certain book, never adequately published, and not easily understood, is fading from the minds of men. Such a God is losing his hold upon the hearts of the more intelligent. There is an astounding emigration out of the creed lands of Christendom, a turning away from the conventional altars of piety on the part of many of the tireless workers for philanthropy, interested students of nature, and gifted interpreters of history. This tide of thought, call it atheism if you will, is as resistless as the tides of the ocean. They who would stay it by denominational activities or legal enactments are engaged in a task as fruitless as that of King Canute who undertook to hold back the waves of ocean by his royal mandate. The ocean did not stop, but King Canute was obliged to move his chair.

Recognizing this anxiety and granting that it is not entirely without cause, it must next be said that many of the remedies proposed are pitiably childish. Man's

faith in the Infinite cannot be re-assured by a resolution; the throne of the Eternal cannot be propped by a preamble. Chemistry cannot be made theistic by inscribing Bible texts on laboratory walls or astronomy be made devout by engraving hymns on the tube of the telescope. The government will be no more theistic or Christian after Godless senators have voted it to be such than it was before. The church cannot protect its faith by heresy trials and formal expulsions. The God-fearing spirit which seers have commended, which has made mellow the centuries, cannot be secured by a traffic in pious phrases. The word "God" incorporated into the constitution of the United States or a Christian amendment to its phrasing will not change the prayerless hearts of its citizens. The silver dollar is no more honest a coin because it bears the legend, "In God we trust." It does not on that account sanctify the transactions at the gaming table or over the bar of the dram shop in which it is used as a counter.

For argument's sake let us admit for the moment that atheism is the growing creed of the student, and infidelity the inevitable outcome of science. Let us not add to this skepticism, whatever it may be, the crime of hypocrisy. Let not atheism be white-washed with damning pretense. God cannot be honored by verbal juggling; he is not a thing of words. The soul of man cannot make love to the Infinite soul in chorus. Like all true love-making, it is a thing of personal experience, of private confidences; it is, as Frances Power Cobbe put it, "the flight of the alone to the alone." Happy is he who is given ever and anon a sense of communion with the Ineffable and the Supernal. Alas for him who mistakes wordy confessions, easy recitations of great words, for such experience! For no creed is executive; no confession can enforce its own mandates upon any mind or heart.

But there is another thing to be said about this anxiety, viz., it is unnecessary. The preceding argument says it was founded. George Eliot was true to history and to the experience of the human heart when she said, "Growing thought makes growing revelation." The besetting God is undisturbed by philosophy; he is secure from assaults of skeptic or of cynic. This besetting God lays his hands upon us from behind and from before, and his touch comes with increasing distinctness to the seeker after truth and to the worker for the right. How does this besetting God lay his hands upon us?

1. First, as Law, inevitable, inexorable, unbending order. The ways of the universe are profound and unfathomable, but they are coherent. There is method, uniformity of action, in the movement of the stars. Let loose an object high above the earth, and ten thousand times, and ten thousand times over that object will drop to the ground. Loose it once more and it will not go up, but will come down. Infinite variety, endless change, unexpected surprises, unaccounted disclosures, but it is all cosmos, not chaos. The very atoms dance, but their dance is rhythmic. There are no mad forces in nature. Like causes produce like effects and every effect becomes itself a cause in the endless chain. Science is nothing more nor less than man's success in tracing this sequence, in discovering this order. He finds everywhere power, but nowhere confusion. Life manifests itself in a climbing series, an ascending scale, the beginning or end of which we know not, but we do know that it is an ordered succession, reaching from fiery nebulae to Jesus of Nazareth.

God asserts himself in law, reveals himself to man through man, who is the product of immeasurable ages, the essences of unnumbered lives, the concentration and culmination of energies that reach from the monad to the mind of Shakespeare. This God of law besets us before and behind, is manifest in the life of plant and planet; he conditions the arctic maple which reaches its maturity at a height of three inches as he does the spreading palm that gives columnar dignity to the tropic desert.

Far indeed must we search to find one who denies this self-asserting and self-protecting God as manifested in the laws of the universe. Miracles may tarry a while in our theology, but we are careful to exclude them from our industries. A rotten hulk laden with Bibles goes under; a stalwart craft loaded with whiskey and gun powder, steered by a competent pilot though for nefarious ends, rides the storm. We do not want to ride over a shaky bridge; we know better than to fool with a buzz saw when it is going; we keep our thumbs out of its way if we do not wish to lose them.

Thus it is that the God of law asserts his majesty, protects himself against our impudent atheism in the realms of physics. And he is not less persistent in the realm of spirit. It is by law that the gates of heaven are swung open; by law the hatchways are lifted to uncover the hells that await the disloyal soul. A mean act cannot be made an angel of good in spirit more than in matter. We cannot make a marble statue out of a pine log.

The God of law protects himself against our infidel schemes of salvation and our atheistic search for short-cut redemptions; compels us to recognize soon or late that by toil only is strength gained or true wealth accumulated. Character is the slow accumulation of submissive efforts to conform to the mandates of this God of law, who protects himself against impiety by defeating rash adventure and rewarding rational endeavor.

History as well as chemistry is law-environed. To the sufficiently devout the one is as much a subject of scientific study as the other, and both are vindications of our text, "Thou hast beset me behind and before and laid thine hand upon me."

2. In the second place, the besetting God asserts himself in Beauty everywhere and always. The universe is partial to harmony; it is pledged to rhythm. In life as in nature discordant notes do not carry; they fall out by the way; but harmonious ones, escaping the control of man, continue, a benignant force in the world. The rose that blushes unseen in desert air does not on that account waste its fragrance. The flies of early geologic ages, preserved in amber, of which many hundred species have been studied, were touched with beauty when there was no human eye to look on them. Rare flowers bloom and birds of gayest plumage flit in jungle depths. Realms of exquisite sound lie above the reach of the human ear, and the solemn thunder of a sub-bass lies below its reach. This God of beauty is so fundamental that he laughs at the distinctions of our philosophy. Human art once rejoiced in the trinketed cavalier and the be-ribboned belle of the ballroom as types of beauty, but Jean François Millet painted a potato digger and his wife in such a way as to prove that these also were beautiful. The metaphysics that

leaves out beauty stands self-condemned. The morality that would ignore or defy it turns out to be immoral. The architect must make allowances for the rhythmic swing of his columns through heat and cold. The engineer must calculate for the rhythmic play of atoms in the walls of his boiler. The locomotive made of iron must have its seasons of rest or it breaks prematurely.

Beauty is another manifestation of the besetting God who "lays his hands upon us behind and before."

3. Again this besetting God asserts himself as Love. The revelations of love are progressive. Its demonstrations increase with the increase of life. The earliest wooing is among the gases. The atoms of oxygen and hydrogen have their romances. The lowest forms of life are tinged with a dawn of sentiment. The plants promptly fall into conjugal habits. The birds are fraternal; they have their family secrets. The ants are political, the bees communistic. Outside and beyond man and woman there is that which presses them to its bosom when it teaches them the ecstasies of a kiss. The babe at mother's breast finds its trustfulness matched by a devotion that is unaccountable save on the theory that there is something in the universe that makes for love. Alas for the soul that ignores the presence of this God of love in his own or in others' lives, for this self-asserting and self-protecting Deity promptly avenges himself. The juiceless Cassubon in "Middlemarch" never discovered the "key to world mythologies" for all his laborious digging and toiling erudition, because he never found the key to a woman's heart. He who had been distrustful of or disloyal to his own heart could not penetrate the heart of humanity.

From the birdling in its nest to the convict in his cell we cannot get away from the persistence of this besetting God. Baby darlings are found in the alley and on the avenue. The very crimes instigated by love prove its universality. So assertive is this God, so competent is he to take care of himself, that shame and sin as well as joy and virtue bring their offerings to the altar of the Love-God.

Once more and lastly, "he besets me before and behind and lays his hands upon me" in and through the consciences of men, the harrowing sense of guilt, the ever captivating thirst for righteousness, the desire to be at one with him who lures us with the ideal. Whenever the pursuit of the ideal is abandoned, then the besetting God nags the soul with misery. The very agony of the world is evidence of his presence.

> The fiend that man harries
> Is love of the Best;
> Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
> Lit by rays from the Blest.
> The Lethe of Nature
> Can't trance him again,
> Whose soul sees the perfect
> Which his eyes seek in vain.

This reaching after righteousness is not simply the necessity of the human soul, but it seems to be the habit of the universe. The dog reaches after excellence; lions and tigers have established mutual grounds, fixed the limits of ceded territories. The dogs of Constantinople, left to their own savage instincts, have established their wards, out of which no dog is permitted to stray with impunity. All the way down, through ant and bee, evidences appear of a co-ordinated life resting on the principles of justice.

It is an oft-repeated story: "What was it that stayed my hand when I was about to hurl the stone at the turtle?" asked Theodore Parker of his mother. "My child, men call it conscience; I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul. Obey it and it will grow clearer and clearer; disobey it and it may grow so faint that you will fail to hear it altogether." This voice of God, heard with distinctness in the soul of Theodore Parker when a lad in the meadows, grew imperative as he grew older. It has uttered itself in varying tones of distinctness through all the ages of life; it has been mutterings in the breast of the guilty; hymns and psalms in the souls of the pure; bugle notes in the ears of the reformer; thunder tones in the proclamations of the prophets.

"Two things challenge my reverence," said Immanual Kant, "The starry heavens above and the sense of ought within." From this revelation no one wholly escapes. The sublime "I ought" of the human soul is the voice of the besetting God accentuated through the travail of the generations, enforced by the experience of mankind, interpreted by the achievements of the noblest and illuminated by the triumphs of martyrs.

What, then, have we found? Who is he that besets us before and behind and lays his hand upon us? Law inflexible, beauty universal, love ever present, duty ever growing. These are no inventions of man, no figments of the human brain. Man is created by them; he is not the creator of them. These forces were here before he came; they will remain when we are gone. Aye, they will still abide though all our kind be no more.

And here we have found not four gods but one God; four phases of the one reality. They are easily convertible, the one into the other. As light, heat, motion, electricity, play "hide and go seek" with one another in the laboratory, so do these realities of the spirit gladly exchange garments, the one ever willing to testify in the interest of the other, all anxious to serve each. Law is beautiful; the beautiful is loving, and the loving is dutiful. Law, beauty, love, duty,—all poor words thrown out by the halting mind of man towards one reality, too real for words, too great for measurement.

> Line in nature is not found;
> Unit and universe are round;
> In vain produced, all rays return;
> Evil will bless, and ice will burn.

This is the mighty Unity, the besetting One established by science, confirmed by the experiences, that satisfies the human soul. Here is a theism untouched by words, beyond the cavil of the theologian. Here is a God whose fate is not determined by the interpretation of texts and not destroyed by the mispronunciation or the false spelling of a word.

Call him what you will, call him not at all, let your pronoun be personal or impersonal, masculine or feminine, spell the name with a capital or a small "G," as you will—here is a reality from which we cannot escape, in whose arms we gladly trust ourselves. Here is a self-asserting Divinity who forever pleads with sinners, woos the lonely, inspires the thinker, companions the prophet, sage and hero. His scripture has the scroll of Nature for its Old Testament and the struggles and triumphs of human nature for its New Testament.

Whenever the heart goes out in love to man, woman, child, dog, bird or rose, it travels towards God, who is both object and subject of the passion. Every time we try to fit ourselves into the blessed order, adjust ourselves to our surroundings, relate ourselves to the lives of our fellow beings, we are seeking a reconciliation with God. It is the God in us propelling us upward and onward.

Whenever the eye is awakened with beauty or the ear thrilled with harmony, whenever the daisy of summer blooms upon the hillside or the daisy of winter sparkles on the window pane, touching us with admiration or filling us with awe, we are worshipers at the shrine of the divine. When sin, like fetters, chains us and we struggle for freedom, we are listening to the voice within seeking the God of righteousness without.

But I hear three objections. The first is the protest often made in the name of science. What of the grim side of nature, the nature that is "red in tooth and claw," cruel, revengeful, blood-thirsty? I am at least free to recognize them. I admit the fact. In my boyhood days I used to hear the ugly yelp of cowardly wolves. In later life I have detected the same wolfish tones in human utterances. I know, alas! that the hot passion for blood has extended far into human realms. Still the stronger preys upon the weaker, from the fish in the sea to the captalist in the city. Exorbitant wealth and terrible poverty are found side by side. The statistics of the income tax and of the unemployed may be found on the one sheet. A few years ago the papers reported four women, residents of New York, whose income was over a thousand dollars every day in the year, while in the same city thousands of women held babes at their breasts inadequately clothed and nourished.

You have a right to ask, "Where is your God of love, righteousness, beauty and order now?" and I answer, He is at least in your honest questionings; in the hot indignation of your own heart; in the age-long grapple with cupidity and meanness, if nowhere else. He has made tasteless at least the lives of those whose fame for dollars is not matched with an equal fame for the consecration of those dollars. He lays his hand heavily upon such souls arrested in their growth.

All this grimness goes but to show that we are as yet living in a universe half-made; aye, less than that. As a race we have just begun to live in the upper stories. We are just beginning to apprehend the way things are going. As we are borne along on the crest of the wave, the mighty stream clarifies; the water flows clearer mile by mile, and the besetting God asserts himself.

Alexander Smith, in his delightful book entitled "Dream Thorpe," describes the hanging of two murderers which he witnessed as a child. Just as the halter was being adjusted around the necks of the victims one early day in May, when nature, sunny and fine, was growing green all around, a lark rose out of its nest in the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, and went singing upward in its flight, breaking the dead silence of the oppressive moment. Then came the sharp sound, the crowd heaved and surged, and the two men were at an immeasurable distance. They had solved the great enigma, but the lark had not yet finished its flight; you could see and hear him yonder in the fringe of a white May cloud. The author calls it a "ghastly flight." He wonders how the song translated itself to the dying ears. Did it "bring in one wild burning moment father and mother, poor Irish cabin, prayers said at bedtime, smell of turf fire and innocent sweet-heartings into the minds of the doomed?" It is not likely, but it is enough for my argument that the lark's song did bring these things into the mind of the writer, then or thereafter; enough to know that larks' nests and larks' songs, the growing corn, blooming flowers and loving hearts, or at least one loving heart, were in the foreground of that gruesome picture. This is enough to prove that the gallows itself was but a milestone marking the onward movement of man's pilgrimage. The song of the lark is a perennial song in nature and the spiral flight upward is the unchallenged symbol of human progress, singing as it goes, leaving one ghastly sight after another behind, shedding its cruelty, conserving its love, dropping its claws, developing fingers, shedding horns and supplanting them with projecting brows packed with brain,—this is the prose as well as the poetry of human history. Yes, there is a lark singing over every gallows, a hopeful note in every cry of despair. The beggar's clutch for money in his dreams is a prophecy that plenty is coming to someone, somewhere. Aye, the peace that passeth understanding, the harmony with nature, the generosity that makes of the favored a providence to the ill-favored, that makes of the strong a guardian of the weak, is bargained for by the wail of the starveling, the shudder of the freezing, the gasp of the hanged, and the torture of those whose damnation is in the present tense. Aye, the fires of hell are purging fires. Through them the besetting God vindicates his supremacy. When he does not woo, he drives the children of darkness towards the light. When pleasure fails, pain compels submission to his law. It is his love that dooms the children of men to perdition now that there may be paradise further on. Hell itself is a way station on the road to heaven. Through weal or through woe, the children of men must win the gates of the celestial city, the city of light, of love, the City of God.

A second objection I hear. The very greatness of this God dethrones him in the finite heart of man. The soul of the sinner yearns for a pitying, a relenting, if you please, a human God. There is a cry for definiteness which is not satisfied by this thought of the inexorable, besetting beauty, or even of the investing love. Bigotry wants a more definite spelling of the name. Superstition wants a God that can be handled, measured, perchance dictated to. Breadth, to the unthoughtful, implies shallowness instead of suggesting infinite depths. The ocean is broad but it is also deep. The great rivers of the world are deep as well as wide. Be assured, then, that the God that is tangible, that can be located in time and space, is not the God of the universe. He is too small for this great cosmic marvel. The God that the human mind can comprehend is not a God to satisfy that mind. The great seers have always been suspected of emptying the world of its religion, while in fact they have been leading souls to the inevitable sanctities, the inviolable shrines to which thought gives luster, increasing wisdom, increasing reverence.

If there is anyone able to take care of himself in

this universe, it is he that represents the divine realities of law, beauty, love, justice, and him we will call by the highest word at our command—"God," regretting only that we have no better, bigger, truer word. We will think of him in the most exalted form possible to finite mind. An Infinite personality? Yes, knowing he is that and more, much more. No dogmatism, persecution or skepticism can separate us from this contact with the Eternal, this shelter of the realities, the besetting God who places his hand upon us whenever we feel the inexorable law, whenever we see the passing glory in flower or human face divine, whenever we feel the clasp of a child's arms, whenever the faithful horse bends his neck for our caress, and, above all, whenever our cheek is mantled with shame and the heart is stung with remorse over duty undone. Surely, though we deny him, we are his.

Vague? Is this God vague? Better the vagueness of truth than the definiteness of error, better hopes based on realities than the assurances of falsehood; better the unspeakable presence than the chattering confidence in a smaller dogmatic substitute. When we accept the inevitable God of science, we can afford to do away with the doubtful God of bigotry. The God of nature dismisses the God of miracle. The Spirit of the universe musters out of service the partial Deity who is unfair in his dealings with men and intermittent in his ordering of the universe.

We now come to the last objection. This God is formidable, unrelenting, terrible. Shall we shrink from the formidableness of this adequate Deity because he seems to render unnecessary, if not absurd, the thought of prayer? Are the anxieties and the aspirations of the human soul to be smothered by the besetting God? What would you have,—a changeable Lord on the throne of the universe? Could you rest well at night under a Providence that could be wielded by the importunities of ignorant man? Who would dare, if he could, change the mighty cosmos by his own childish wishes? Yes, prayer as interference, prayer as teasing, prayer as petition, is inconsistent with this thought of the besetting God. But prayer as the mind's thirst, as a heart's hunger, as the lark's song, as glad gratitude poured into the boundless blue that the ecstatic heart may find relief and beat more rhythmically, aye, prayer as nature becoming vocal,—is one of the inevitable accompaniments, an unmistakable evidence of the higher life. It is the glad privilege of sentient beings to allow at least some fraction of the universe to come into self-consciousness. The world grows musical in the heart of the lark, still more in the devout hearts of men and women tutored by the lark.

Prayer, then, as thanksgiving, gratitude, aspiration, prayer as spiritual climbing, is one of the high laws of the soul. The emancipated soul from sheer joy will use its wings; from accumulating power it must soar; from love of progress it will fly, and as it flies it will sing. It will prattle its joys and its wants to ease its own heart, wooing other spirits after it thereby. High poetry, grand music, and, above all, disinterestedness and divine work,—all these are prayer. Such is the glad spontaneity of a conscious life with the God of law, beauty, love and righteousness.

I will not be afraid to use pronouns; I will not stop to analyze my rose; I do not have to parse my longings; I dare chatter my heart-life to God. I will croon my song, confess or crave, as mood may be, knowing that to my needs and not to my wishes does the God of the universe respond; knowing also that spirit, as matter, has its gravities. Not alone in one direction is the pull of the universe, nor does the moon draw the ocean more than the ocean draws the moon. The planet bows to the pebble by the same token that the pebble bounds to the planet.

So I continue gladly to pray, knowing that though there be "no meaning in my prayer but thankfulness and trust," it still is the most legitimate of all legitimate experiences of the human soul.

Who can trace the intricate windings of the golden chains that "bind the whole round world about the feet of God"? I know but this,—the deepest experiences of my soul, the truest moments of my life, teach me to trust

> That God which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.

SELECTED

Famous Advocates of Free Speech

Emerson: "If there be a country where knowledge cannot be diffused without perils of mob law and statute law; where speech is not free; where mail bags are opened and letters are tampered with—that country is not civil but barbarous."

Thomas Erskine: "The press must be free; if government finds itself annoyed by it, let it examine its own conduct and it will find the cause."

Theodore Parker (The Mexican War): "If the people cannot discuss the war they have got to fight and pay for, who under heaven can? Whose business is it, if it is not yours and mine?"

Turgot: "There is no injury which men will resent so deeply as that of being threatened into silence."

Woodrow Wilson: "If there is one thing we love more than another in the United States it is that every man should have the privilege, unmolested, to utter the real convictions of his mind."

William Ellery Channing: "If men abandon the right of free discussion; if, awed by threats, they suppress their convictions—farewell to liberty. The form of a free government may remain, but the soul, the substance is fled.

"The cry has been that war (1812) is declared, and all opposition should be hushed. A sentiment more unworthy of a free country could hardly be propagated. If the doctrine be admitted, rulers have only to declare war and they are screened at once from scrutiny. We should teach our present and all future rulers that there is no measure for which they must render so solemn an account to their constituents as for a declaration of war."

John Quincy Adams: "The freedom of the press should be inviolate."

James Mill: "The freedom of the press is, among all but the advocates of misgovernment, regarded as the greatest safeguard of mankind."

From a pamphlet compiled by John Haynes Holmes entitled "Freedom of Speech and of the Press."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

PROFESSOR GASTON BONET-MAURY.

An older generation of readers of UNITY will regret to learn of the death, on June 20th, of Professor G. Bonet-Maury of Paris. A scholarly, lovable and religious man, he deserved especial recognition because of his long and devoted service to religious liberty and progress and inter-religious fellowship. A clergyman of the Huguenot Church in France, he affiliated with the liberal wing of the body and was a professor in its theological faculty at Paris. He wrote learned books, one which was a study of the evolution of religious freedom in all countries. He claimed that the Unitarian movement in history was Italian in its origin. He had an international mind, and visited in the interests of religious unity, England, Scotland (which conferred on him a university degree), Russia, Germany, Bohemia and Finland. Twice he journeyed to America, attending the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, and writing an important book concerning it. Here he came into close personal relations with the secretary of this Parliament, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, for whom he cherished warm feelings of admiration and friendship. It marked an era in his life. In 1907 he was a delegate from the liberal Protestant churches of France to the Fourth International Congress of Religious Liberals in Boston, and cemented a friendship with its secretary, begun years before at the Chicago meetings. He was active also in the welcome extended to this congress at its Paris session of 1913. A contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue des Religions*, founded by his co-worker, Prof. Jean Reville, and other publications. The world-war brought him great sorrow. It found him in Germany engaged in efforts to assure a better understanding between the two nations. But his patriotism was equal to his international sympathies. He bore faithful testimony to his country's cause as just and right, and had the great joy of knowing her victorious at the last. Recently he has lived a retired life, enfeebled by a street accident. But the charm of his personal presence remained, his innate goodness of heart disclosed itself in numberless benefactions, his deep piety strengthened him for the final departure from his loved ones. Surrounded with affectionate devotion, rich in friends, happy in the consciousness of a life well-spent, he passed peacefully away from earth in his 71st year and was buried from the Church of the Oratoire in Paris, his friends, J. Emile Roberty and Dean Vaucher of the Theological faculty, paying him a last tribute of reverence and affection.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN ENGLAND.

Rev. Harry Foster Burns, a Contributing Editor of UNITY, is interestingly reported in the Boston *Transcript* about his experiences in England. The interview is in part as follows:

"One intimately associated with conditions of church attendance in our American cities, is mildly surprised when he enters many of the churches of London. The population of London is in the churches on Sunday much more universally than in 'The States.' This contrast is especially noticeable in the summer months, when American churches are likely to be closed altogether or at best holding but one meeting on Sunday with a small audience consisting of those who cannot get away to the summer cottage, the beach, or for the automobile ride.

"In these same weeks the churches of England are holding two and three meetings each Sunday, and the people are in attendance. On a recent Sunday the observer found a full house at City Temple in the morning, very satisfactory audiences at St. Paul's and at Whitefield's chapel in the afternoon and an audience that filled the large auditorium at King's Weigh House at the six-thirty o'clock meeting. Another Sunday in a Wesleyan mission there were three services with an attendance of some fifteen hundred in the morning, at least seventeen hundred men at the Men's brotherhood meeting in the afternoon, and fully two thousand in the evening. And this was a rainy Sunday. Such an incident seems to make little difference to the Britisher, who goes to his church as habitually as he goes to his tea at four-thirty in the afternoon."

The explanation of the above stated fact, continues Mr. Burns, is found partly in the more homogeneous character of the population. All the people one meets on the street speak the same language. There is not, therefore, a multiplicity of churches based upon racial or linguistic differences. Moreover, families remain in the same town or city for generations and the habit of church going is not subjected to the strain entailed by the removal of a family from a parish where they are acquainted to one in which they are known to none. But deeper than either of these considerations lies the real explanation. The teaching of the Bible and of the Christian religion is woven in the history of the English people. It has been the model of much of their literature. It has been the inspiration of their sons, who, as Burke said, "Have worshipped freedom." Frankly, and without question, prominent men in every community identify themselves unequivocally with the institutions of religion. The Lord Mayor of a smaller city is quite at home in reading the Scripture lesson or offering a prayer at a Brotherhood meeting on Sunday afternoon. Sir Henry Ballou frankly declares that the difficulties through which the industrial world is now passing are due to the failure to provide adequately for religious education in the last generation, thus giving to us a generation largely without a religious attitude toward life. This frank recognition of the place of religion and religious institutions in social well-being puts the burden of proof upon the individual who fails to identify himself closely with the church.

Rev. Mr. Burns reports that in worship the British audience is attentive, worshipful, responsive to the message of the speaker. This, he says, is the universal report of the American preachers now speaking in English churches for the summer. The Britisher takes a keen and intelligent interest in religion. Even an audience composed of the artisan classes will sit with close attention during a thoughtful sermon, and maintain a most worshipful attitude throughout the service of worship. Since the war this spirit of earnestness in worship is perhaps deepened. There is scarcely a household in England that has not lost one or more members in the four years' struggle. And those who have remained at home have denied themselves and worked as their cousins across the seas have not thought of doing. When an egg cost a shilling, butter was not to be had at all, only one-fourth pound of sugar was allowed a person per week, and fruit and vegetables only in very limited quantities, when the daily newspapers were cut down to one page, then the English people were well aware of the cost of the war. And yet they worked without limit. A young manufacturer who in France worked ten hours a day for seven days in the week, and besides whole nights each week, said: "This was only what all the rest were doing."

Having suffered so, and having realized how near all came to being lost, these people are thinking very seriously about all questions which affect the life of a nation and are seeking earnestly to build upon lasting foundations. They believe profoundly that there is a close connection between the religious faith of the nation, between the devotion of its people to the church, and the indomitable character of their army on the field of battle and of the nation at home. This is not held in superstition, but is a faith resting upon the psychology of the prophet who said: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." Thoughtful business men in London admit that when America came into the war the cause of the Allies hung in a trembling balance, and they are deeply appreciative of what America did, but they nearly always add: "But Britain would never have given up until the cause for which she fought was victorious." One cannot hear these expressions, realizing the experience back of them, without a profound conviction that there is very real connection between Britain at prayer and Britain's unconquerable spirit.

(To be continued)

A LONDON OPINION

Spoken March 23, 1919

"I regard the Christian Register as the best religious paper published."

Dr. J. Fort Newton, noted preacher of the famous City Temple, London.

A Journal of
Liberal Christianity With a World Outlook

Will You Send for a Free Copy?

Subscription $3.00. Also club rates.

The Christian Register
6 Beacon Street - Boston

1,400 JOBS TO CHOOSE FROM

Young or old, man or woman, boy or girl, here is a descriptive story of 1,400 live occupations you may work at in the U. S., with instructions in sensible self-analysis which will show you how to pick out that for which you are physically and temperamentally best fitted. To get the right start in life, buy a copy of the new book,

How to Choose the Right Vocation

By Holmes W. Merton, Vocational Counselor

It will show you how to weigh and judge yourself and your possibilities and how to select the occupation in which your talents will bring you the greatest amount of success and profit. You will also learn from it how to judge and instruct others, how to select employees, etc. $1.50 net; by mail $1.62. *Send for it to-day!*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

Jennie F. W. Johnson
Contralto

Soloist All Souls Church
Chicago, Illinois

Available for
CONCERTS, RECITALS
OR ORATORIOS
with
CLUBS, COLLEGES
AND CHURCHES

CIRCULAR SENT ON APPLICATION

For Terms and Dates address
700 Oakwood Boulevard
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Are You Looking Forward?

The Survey is published for men and women who are forerunners in their cities, their profession, their industries and their social agencies.

The Survey contains expert discussion of social and industrial problems; it makes first-hand investigations into working and living conditions; it carries a weekly digest of events in the fields of labor, health, civics, education, foreign service, common welfare.

The Survey will help you turn the corner from war to peace —the corner for want of a better name called

RECONSTRUCTION

Price, $4.00 a year *Four months' trial, $1.00*

THE SURVEY
112 E. 19th Street New York City

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

FOR ANY MINISTER about to retire owing to failing health the purchase of an annuity forms an ideal testimonial.

For details apply
E. BASIL LUPTON
10 Humboldt St., Cambridge, Mass.
Agent for leading American and British Life Offices

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

Sample Copies of Unity Sent Upon Request